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A DAY AT INCHMAHOME.

WE were staying at Callander, making little excursions here and there, when one day it was proposed that a party should be made up to see Inchmahome, an island in the Lake of Menteith. The project involved a drive of something like six miles across a hilly bit of country to the south, but the weather was tolerable, and every one knows that when the sun shines in the Highlands the air is peculiarly delightful. A short but pleasing account of a visit to Inchmahome, which had lately appeared in a popular newspaper—the *Scotman*—had set us on this idea. We had heard of the island long ago, but its history and all the circumstances connected with it were pretty much forgotten, and, like thousands of other tourists, we had more than once rushed onward to the Trossachs and Loch Katrine without being distinctly aware that we were passing unvisited the lovely Lake of Menteith and its hallowed little island, Inchmahome—which is said to signify *Isle of Rest*.

The resolution having been formed to see the island, the thing was not at all difficult to do, for the keeper of that huge hotel, 'the Dreadnought,' has twenty-four pair of horses, and all sorts of carriages, at your service, and the roads are somewhat different from what they were in the days of Rob Roy. So, off our party started in one of the most commodious of these vehicles—we choosing the 'rumble' behind, in order to have a good look out. Crossing the Teith by an old high-backed bridge, the machine soon begins to be tugged up a hill, which, by means of drainage and enclosures, seems to be in the course of having its heathy slopes transformed into green arable fields. There is, however, still a bare peat-mossy track on the top, in a lone recess of which is seen a dismal mountain-tarn, called Loch Ruskie. On gaining this wild part of the route, quite a new scene presents itself. In the distance, in a westerly direction, is seen a broad and singularly picturesque valley, rich in woody knolls, and at the nearest point, ornamented with one of the prettiest lakes in the world. That is the Lake of Menteith—so called from the lands hereabouts having formed the ancient earldom of that name; indeed, till this day, this district of Perthshire is called Menteith. When once you catch a view of the lake, it rivets attention. Set amidst tufted grounds, and overhung more remotely by lofty mountains, among which, to the west, Ben Lomond is chiefly conspicuous, the margin of the lake is indented with woody peninsulas, rivalling in beauty the islands on its placid bosom. Rattling down a winding road, environed with tall trees, we get occasional peeps of the lake, and finally reach its

eastern shore. There it is all before us—a good large sheet of water, six to seven miles in circumference, and not incapable, as one would think, of shewing a sea crested with white and angry waves.

At the point where we are set down, there is a modern-built inn, in which anglers who resort to the lake will find all proper accommodation. Close at hand are the church and manse of Port, such being the name given to the place, for no other reason apparently, than that here is the port whence boats may proceed on lake excursions. At one time, as it seems, there was a scattered hamlet along the margin of the loch, each cottager having a little croft stretching up the adjacent braes; but all that is gone in the present day, and the population has dwindled to very manageable dimensions. The harbour and pier of the port are on a correspondingly moderate scale. A few big stones, loosely arranged in the form of a jetty, enable us to step on board an open boat while it is cleared of the water that has collected in it, and otherwise made ready for the voyage. The landlord of the inn, and a man brought hurriedly from his hay-making, take each an oar, and all being seated, we push away in the direction of the island, which lies at about a quarter of a mile's distance to the westward. The whole thing is prosaic; but one derives complacency from the reflection, that it was probably in no other way than this that kings and church dignitaries, in the days of yore, made their voyages to Inchmahome.

Fifteen minutes bring the boat to the island, which resembles a great mass of trees floating lazily on the surface of the water. The landing-place is found to be quite as primitive as that of the port; with this difference, that in attempting to touch the jetty, the bottom of the boat is embarrassed with a stone which lies staring up in your face only a few feet from the shore. O that stone! Any person could in three minutes lift it out, and so clear the way in all time coming. But that being too serious an undertaking, there it is suffered to lie; and by every party arriving or departing, a good quarter of an hour is spent in trying to surmount the difficulty. We hope, but hardly dare to expect, that some public-spirited boatman will get the stone out of the way before the close of the century.

On stepping ashore, what a scene of sylvan beauty and archaeological interest! Trees of vast dimensions, towering aloft and shrouding a group of ruins, exquisitely beautiful in design, deeply mournful in their decay. The first building we come to is a church, roofless, with broken-down walls, but still shewing several handsome Gothic arches, partially overgrown with moss and other wild plants. Adjoining

are the remains of some conventual edifices; the whole, in their entire state, having formed a religious house of note for three centuries previous to the Reformation. It is believed that, a thousand years ago, there were some sort of ecclesiastical buildings on the island; but whatever was the character of these early structures, a new state of things arose, when, in 1238, Walter Cumyng, Earl of Menteith, founded a monastery of the order of St Augustine, that became not an unusual resort in an age of civil distractions. Here, Robert Bruce found a temporary asylum on the 15th of April 1310, a circumstance which probably did not incommode the seneschal of the establishment; for the priory, as it came to be called, was already endowed with the neighbouring lands of Cardross, and could afford lodging and entertainment to royal personages. The monks, however, were probably put on their mettle, when, in 1363, David II. arrived with a retinue, to solemnise his nuptials with the beautiful Margaret Logie; and married the king was on that very spot on which now, in these altered times, the poor houseless steer seeks shelter from the storm. For two centuries after this royal marriage, the island retained its ecclesiastical, and even its intellectual distinction, for hither came youths belonging to families of rank to receive certain parts of their education. At length, at the close of this career of prosperity, and just before the buildings were sacked, and the endowments made away with, came the visit of the infant sovereign, Queen Mary.

The residence of Mary Queen of Scots forms the great event in the history of Inchmahome; though it is scarcely noticed in the memoirs of that unfortunate princess. Mary Stuart was born in the palace of Linlithgow, on the 7th of December 1542, a week before the death of her father, James V., at the palace of Falkland. A queen from almost her birth, she was, when only nine months old, crowned at Stirling, where she spent her early years under the tutorage of John Erskine, the prior of Inchmahome, and Alexander Scott, the parson of Balmaclellan. So things would have gone quietly on, but for that most extraordinary and boisterous courtship of Henry VIII. on behalf of his son, afterwards Edward VI. One can, with difficulty, in the present day, realise the idea of an English king endeavouring, by every species of fraud and force, to get possession of a Scottish infant girl, in order to marry her to his infant son. Failing in corruption and threats, he resorted to devastation. The borders were laid waste with fire and sword, shipping was seized, and, finally, a regular war commenced: the English determined to get hold of the infant Mary, the Scots, who disliked this kind of wooing, as resolute in keeping their child-queen. We need not recall the horrors of that odious war, which had for its climax the battle of Pinkie, fought on the 10th of September 1547. Fearful of the consequences of this disastrous affair, the Scots took measures to place the object of contention in security. Soon after the battle at Pinkie, Mary, not quite five years old, was removed from Stirling to Inchmahome. Her mother, Mary of Guise, a woman of uncommon activity and intelligence, selected from certain families of rank—Livingstone, Fleming, Seton, and Beatoun—four girls of her daughter's age, and, like her, named Mary. These 'four Marys,' as they were afterwards called in history and ballad literature, became for many years the companions of the queen. They played with her as children, were educated along with her, accompanied her in her travels, and, as is well known, remained with her a great part of her life; her associates alike in happiness and misfortune. One can fancy the joyousness of the band of girls when the royal family—mother, preceptors, retainers, and all—set out for Inchmahome, and took possession of their island territory. How the youngsters scampered along the avenues under the trees of the orchard, just

dropping its rich crop of apples and pears! What fun they must have promised themselves in the seclusion of this pretty little island!

It is easier to imagine this gleesome arrival of the young maidens than to understand, from the present appearance of the ruins, how this imposing accession to the population was accommodated. The island is but five acres in extent—much about the size of one of the larger squares in London—and may be said to be diversified, in miniature, with hill and dale. A portion of it formed the garden of the Earls of Menteith, whose residence entirely covered a lesser island to the west. Then, there were the monastic buildings, now shrunk into a few disjointed masses, in looking over which we are, with the assistance of some vague traditions, left to conjecture how the queen-dowager, her daughter, and retinue, could possibly find house-room. It is a fact never to be lost sight of, however, that throughout the greater part of her career, Mary Queen of Scots was obliged to put up with the narrowest scale of domestic accommodations; in fact, she lived a good part of her life in turrets, with hardly space to turn herself. Among the ruins of Inchmahome, a small apartment over a vaulted chapter-house, and reached by an outside-stair, is pointed out as having been Queen Mary's room, and this is likely to be correct. Another building equally substantial, immediately to the south, contained the kitchen, now an open vault, but with the remains of a chimney of such vast dimensions as to impart the idea that jollity of living made up in some measure for the limited extent of the sleeping arrangements. As already hinted, the church, or place of high religious ceremonial, must have been a remarkably fine edifice, with nave and side-aisles, spacious entry on the west, and elegant lancelated window in the eastern gable. Wretchedly dilapidated and degraded as is its condition, we cannot but look on it with respect; but the feelings at every step revolt at the scandalous want of taste, even of common decency, with which the whole is kept. The island is let as a mere piece of grazing-ground, for a few pounds per annum; and as nothing is done to prevent intrusion, the cattle straggle into and out of the church at pleasure. The consequences as regards the ancient monuments on the floor are such as to require no force of description. One of the recumbent monuments consists of two figures in high relief in stone, said to be a Crusader and his lady; the male figure in armour bearing a shield decorated with the *fess chequie* of the Stuarts—

Blest pair! In death ye live,
Ye love beyond the tomb,
Your mutual hearts to God ye give,
He gives you welcome home.

This fine piece of sculpture, which so fired the fancy of the poet, lies in a deplorable state of abasement, and is sinking fast to destruction. As from the mural tablets around, the church appears to be still a place of sepulture to certain families of respectability in the neighbourhood, the wonder is the greater that some little care is not taken of the ruins.

Emerging by the finely groined western portal from this saddening scene, we wander under the spreading boughs of gigantic Spanish chestnuts as old as the days of the monks; and so crossing the ancient orchard with its lingering one or two fruit-trees, towards the south-west extremity of the island, reach a slightly raised patch of ground, environed with tall tufts of boxwood. To this spot all visitors eagerly press, as the most touching sight of all; for is it not the *child-garden* of Queen Mary—the place specially prepared for the amusement of herself and her attendants? Such, at anyrate, is the legend. To give the five girls something to occupy themselves with out of doors, and keep them from wearying in their narrow insular home, the idea of a little garden was struck

out, and it is no stretch of fancy to conceive them here with their little spades and rakes, and adjusting matters according to their infantile notions.

The garden, which is of an oval form, eighteen to twenty feet in length, and twelve in breadth, consists of a central patch surrounded with a narrow gravel-walk, lined with boxwood; and outside, as an environing border, are a number of tall boxwood bushes.

My orchard's wealth, my boxwood's grace
(Enlivening yet the sylvan place,
Embellishing my Isle of Rest),
Furnished the jocund rural fête,
To soothe the youthful sceptered guest,
Each wayward thought obliterate,
And banish all alarms.*

In this curiously interesting spot, are seen the only efforts at preservation in the whole island. It is due, we believe, to the Duchess of Montrose, that a paling has been erected around the garden; otherwise, box-trees and everything about it must soon have been trampled out of existence by the cattle, or carried off piecemeal by the heartless order of relic-hunters. Formerly, as we were told, a large thorn-tree grew in the centre of the garden; but it was lately blown down, and a small thorn now grows on the spot. If the child-queen planted any flowering shrubs, they have long since disappeared. But it cannot be supposed that Mary or her companions did much in this way. She remained in Inchmahome only about five months—that is, from September 1547 till the end of the succeeding February, when she was carried to Dumbarton Castle, preparatory to her removal to France; and she accordingly can have done but little in floriculture. The historical interest, therefore, in the scene is confined to the fact, that here Mary Queen of Scots laid out her little garden, paddled about in childish innocence and happiness, and whiled away in healthful sport the few months of her seclusion in the island.

When one has seen the child-garden, the only thing that remains to be done is to visit the rising-ground called the Nun's Hill, which forms the southern boundary of the isle. And a walk from thence through what seems the remains of an avenue conducts us back to the ruins. Of these neglected walls, perhaps enough has already been said; and we can only hope that by thus calling attention to the subject, the dual owner may take the matter, if need be, out of the hands of subordinates, and cause the remains of the priory to be enclosed, and guarded at least from pollution if not from decay. We might, indeed, throw out the hint, that to a person of means and taste, and given to piscatory and horticultural pursuits, this charming little island, so readily accessible from Edinburgh or Glasgow, and so closely adjoining some of the finest Highland scenery, is susceptible of being made a most delightful summer residence; nor can we doubt that a scheme of that nature might be arranged with the proprietor. Meanwhile, it is but justice to say, that the isle is at all times open to the visits of strangers, who in Mr Shirra, of the inn at Port-Menteith, will find a suitable adviser and guide.† Tripe may be extended four miles further to the ever-renowned clachan of Aberfoyle; at which Bailie Nicol Jarvie would now discover a wonderful change on the face of affairs; for a handsome hotel, as will be seen in the guide-books, has taken the place of that most unaccommodating change-house, where to establish himself, he found it necessary to call

in the aid of a red-hot poker. Tourists, in short, would have no cause to regret making a day of it at dear little Inchmahome! W. C.

THE RIFLED ORDNANCE FACTORY, WOOLWICH.

SINCE, about a year and a half ago, we described, in this *Journal*, the manufacture of cannon at Woolwich Arsenal, an entire revolution has been effected in that establishment. The attempt to compete with the Low Moor and Gospel Oak Works in the casting of iron guns, proved a lamentable failure. The government had not the secret of mixing the iron which the Low Moor factory possessed, could not discover it by an analysis of ores, and could not elicit it from the Low Moor people. The guns made in the Arsenal were very well to look at, but laboured under the disadvantage, that they burst into a great many pieces when discharged. The government suffered from that ingenuity in devising means 'how not to do it,' which led them to intrust the management of the works to a number of artillery officers, who knew how to fire cannon, but not how to cast them, and were compelled at last to own that there was no royal road to gun-making.

The immense plant and machinery, which had been acquired at a cost of some £90,000, was not, however, destined to rust in idleness: just at this time, the government made a bargain with Sir William Armstrong for his celebrated invention, and the whole factory was given over to him for the manufacture of his gun. The amateur-artillerymen were got rid of; and Mr Anderson—a practical man of great skill and large experience, to whose inventive genius a number of the finest machines in the Arsenal are due—was installed as resident superintendent. At the cost of only a few thousands, the steam-hammers, borers, turning-lathes, and all the rest of the old machinery, were ingeniously adapted to the various processes which the Armstrong gun undergoes in the course of construction.

A visitor to the works who has never seen an Armstrong gun, must, as he witnesses the successive stages of its manufacture, be sorely puzzled to conceive what it will look like when completed; and scarcely less is the surprise of any one who has seen the finished piece, at the strange shapes which its component parts assume during the various processes. Let us begin at the beginning, and observe the various steps, from first to last, in the creation of the most perfect piece of ordnance the world has ever seen.

Imagine a very long thin bar of the finest iron, some 2 inches square, and 120 feet in length—that is the basis of a 25-pounder. For convenience in the manufacture, this bar is divided into three pieces of about 40 feet in length. A 100-pounder requires three pieces each of 90 feet in length. The manufacture commences in the forging-shop, a vast dingy shed, where there is an incessant din of hammers and roaring of mighty furnaces, where blocks and bars of iron lie scattered in seeming confusion on every side—here, almost transparent at white heat; there, glowing red-hot; in one corner, sending forth showers of sparks under the discipline of a huge steam-hammer; in another, hissing and sputtering under a stream of water; where stalwart, grimy men, with uprolled shirt-sleeves, visors, and leather aprons, are seen looming through the smoke, or in the full glare of the fires, tossing about red-hot bars with the indifference of salamanders, and making the anvils ring with thirty Cyclops' power. We fix our eyes on a long narrow furnace, in which lie a number of the iron bars we spoke of. Suddenly the door is opened, and a fierce lurid gleam of light is cast through the shop. One of the men seizes the end of a bar in a pair of pincers, drags it forth, and makes it fast to a

* *The Priory of Inchmahome, a Poem, with Notes Historical and Descriptive*, by Rev. W. Macgregor Stirling, minister of Port. 1 vol. 4to, 1815. This elegant volume, which is illustrated with engravings, is now very rare.

† A ready way of getting to the place, would be to take the Stirling and Balloch Railway, and stop at the Port-Menteith Station, to which, if advised by post, Mr Shirra (Port-Menteith, by Stirling) would send his dog-cart—distance four miles.

roller which stands immediately before the furnace, and the diameter of which is equal to the rough-made tube of a 25-pounder when first rolled. The roller is put in motion; the bar is slowly and closely wound round it, just as one might wind a piece of thread round a reel. The roller being turned on one end, the spiral tube—No. 1 coil it is termed—is knocked off, restored to white heat in another furnace—for it has cooled somewhat in the rolling—and then flattened down and welded under one of the steam-hammers, till only about half as long as it was. For a 25-pounder, the length of the coil after this process is 2½ feet; and three such coils are welded together to form the tube. Before that operation is performed, however, each coil is bored in the inside, and pared on the outside to within a very little of its proper diameter, so that the slightest flaw in the welding, if any exist, may be detected. Having passed this test, a couple of coils, brought to a proper heat by being placed end to end in a jet of flame from a blast-furnace, are welded by violent blows from a huge iron battering-ram. A third coil is added to the other two in the same manner, and the tube is complete. Over this a second tube, which has been prepared just in the same way, is passed while red hot, and shrinking as it cools, becomes tightly fastened. This is termed 'shrinking on.' Over this again is placed a short massive ring of forged iron, to which the trunnions or handles of the gun are attached. The breech, which has now to be added, is composed of several iron slabs, something like the staves of a barrel, which are bent into a cylindrical form, and welded at the edges when red hot under the steam-hammer. In the breech, the fibre of the metal runs in the direction of the length of the gun, while in the other parts it winds round and round transversely. This is done to give greater strength to the breech in sustaining the whole backward thrust of the explosion. The breech thus formed is 'shrunk on' to the rest of the gun; and to add still more to its strength, two double coils of wrought iron are rolled on with the fibre at right angles to that of the breech underneath. The piece now exhibits very much the appearance of what is called a three-draw telescope—the tube, the trunnion-piece, and the breech, representing the three 'draws' of the glass when pulled out.

So much for the rough work of the gun; we now come to the finer and more delicate processes. Having been pared down on the outside to its proper size, the gun passes to the measurers, who, with an instrument called a micrometer, measure each part with mathematical accuracy. The slightest deviation of any portion from its exact size, even to the fraction of a hair's breadth, is rigidly pointed out, and has to be amended. The boring and rifling of the piece are next performed in a large, tidy, well-lighted room, where there is no noise, or smoke, or confusion, as in the forging-shop. The gun is placed erect in the boring-machine, and revolves gently round the big gimlet, which slowly but surely makes its way downwards, scooping out the superfluous metal from the interior of the tube. Four pieces can be bored at once by each machine. This is the lengthiest process the gun has to go through. It has to be performed twice, each time occupying six hours. First the gun is bored to within a 1-1000th of an inch of its proper diameter; and the second time it is finished. The rifling is performed in a turning-lathe, and occupies some five hours. There are thirty-eight fine sharp grooves, of a peculiar angular shape—'with the driving side angular,' in the words of the inventor, 'and the opposite side rounded;' and the turn of the rifling is very slight.

Where the touch-hole of an ordinary gun would be, a square hole is cut for the introduction of the vent-piece or stopper, which, with the breech-screw, completes the gun. The stopper is a circular piece of steel, faced with copper, which fits into the end of the rifled barrel with the most exact nicety. Upon this

little piece of metal depends, in a great measure, the efficiency of the gun; because, unless it hermetically closed the cavity, a portion of the explosive force would escape, and the discharge would be weakened. The copper facing of the stopper is prepared with great care. It has to be sharpened with a file after so many rounds, and a duplicate accompanies every gun. The touch-hole runs through the vent-piece down into the chamber of the gun. The breech of the gun receives a powerful hollow screw, which presses against the vent-piece, and is easily tightened or loosened by means of a common weighted handle. When the stopper is out, the gun is a hollow tube from end to end. We are now shewn how the gun is used.

'When you want to fire the gun,' says our attendant, 'you must of course slacken the screw, and take out the stopper. You then thrust the shot, with a cartridge and a greased wad, through the hollow screw, into the bore, drop the vent-piece into its place, and make it tight with half a turn of the screw. You fire the gun with an ordinary friction-tube stuck into the vent-piece.'

'How long does it take to turn out one of these pieces?'

'Why, taking the number of guns turned out within a certain period, and the number of working-hours in the same time, we find the rate of production at Woolwich is one gun for every 3½ working-hours. Down at Elswick, Sir William's own factory, they are not quite so quick. Taken individually, though, a single gun, from first to last, is a six or seven weeks' job.'

'And what do you reckon the cost of each gun?'

'An Armstrong 12-pounder costs about L.250, only L.50 more than an ordinary gun of the same calibre; but as it is so much lighter (only eight cwt., while the old gun is nineteen cwt.), and can be worked so much more simply and quickly, and requires fewer men and horses than the other, it is really by far the cheaper of the two.'

'Then as to the capabilities of the gun—is there any truth in the story of the wild goose being hit at five miles?'

'Well, sir, our 100-pounder is expected to obtain a range of ten miles. The 12-pounder can take accurate aim at about two and a quarter miles; and I've heard the gunners say that they undertake never to miss a man once at a mile. The longest range yet obtained has been 9000 yards, or over five miles, with a 32-pounder.'

Length of range, however, becomes, beyond a certain point, of very little consequence. All practical artillerymen agree that usually the range in battle is limited to about 2000 yards, and under any circumstances, cannot exceed 3000 yards, as any further point cannot be seen, even with good telescopes. Sir William Armstrong tells us himself, that beyond a certain distance, range for general purposes has no practical value, and that artillerymen might as well fire at the moon as at any object five miles off without anything to guide them but the eye. The great question is, what damage a gun will inflict when it reaches its destination. Consequently, he has given as much thought to the invention of a projectile as of a gun, and has succeeded in inventing one of the most destructive character. It can be used either as a solid shot, as a shrapnel shell, or as canister. It consists of a very thin cast-iron shell, filled with forty-two pieces of cast iron, which are built up so as to leave a space in the centre for the reception of the bursting charge. The exterior of the shell is thinly coated with lead, to make it take the rifling. When the shell bursts, it spreads into a cloud of pieces, each of which flies forward at the same rate as that at which the shell was moving when it exploded. A shell was let off, by way of experiment, in a closed chamber, and burst into 217 pieces. By means of an ingenious time-fuse and 'concussion arrangement,'

the shell cannot possibly miss fire. Taken together, the Armstrong gun and shell form the most tremendous engine of warfare yet constructed, and will, we doubt not, tend effectually to lessen the duration of wars. A battle fought with such weapons as these must be short and decisive; and fearful as the carnage may be, it will be but as a drop in the bucket, compared with the slaughter of prolonged campaigns and oft-renewed engagements.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER LII.—RAISING A RAMPART.

I KEPT the telescope to my eye, not half the time I have taken in telling of it. Quick as I saw that the men stirring around the wagon were Indians, I thought only of screening my body from their sight. To effect this, I dropped down from the summit of the rock—on the opposite side from that facing toward the savages.

Shewing only the top of my head, and with the glass once more to my eye, I continued the observation. I now became assured that the victim of the ensanguined skull was a white man—that the other prostrate forms were also the bodies of white men, all dead—all, no doubt, mutilated in like manner. The tableau told its own tale. The presence of the wagon halted, and without horses—one or two dead ones lying under the tongue—the ruck of Indians clustering around it—the bodies stretched along the earth—other objects, boxes, and bales, strewn over the sward—all were significant.

The scene explained what we had heard while coming up the cañon. The fusillade had been no fancy, but a fearful reality—fearful in its effects, as I was now satisfied by the testimony of my eyes.

The caravan had been attacked, or, more likely, only a single wagon that had been straggling in the rear? The firing may have proceeded from the escort, and the armed emigrants? Indians may have fallen: indeed there were some prostrate forms apart, with a group gathered around them, and those I conjectured to be the corpses of red men. But it was evident the Indians had proved victorious: since they were still upon the field—still holding the ground and the plunder.

Where were the other wagons of the train?—there were fifty of them—only one was in sight!

It was scarcely possible that the whole caravan had been captured? If so, they must have succumbed within the pass? a fearful massacre must have been made?

This was improbable: the more so, that the Indians around the wagon appeared to number near two hundred. They must have constituted the full band: for it is rare that a war-party is larger. Those seen appeared to be all warriors, naked from the breech-clout upward, their skins glaring with pigments. Neither woman nor child could I see among them.

Had other wagons been captured then, there would not have been so many of the captors clustered around this one?

In all likelihood, the wagon had been coming up behind the others? the animals drawing it had been shot down in the skirmish, and it had fallen into the hands of the successful assailants?

These conjectures occupied me only a moment. Mingled with them was one of still more special import: to whom had belonged the abandoned wagon?

With fearful apprehension, I covered the ground with my glass—straining my sight as I gazed through it. I swept the whole surface of the ground. I looked under the wagon, on both sides of it, and beyond. I sought amidst the masses of dusky forms. I examined the groups and stragglers, even the corpses that strewn the plain. Thank Heaven! they were

all black, or brown, or red; all appeared to be *men*, both the living and the dead—thank Heaven!

The ejaculation ended my survey of the scene: it had scarcely occupied ten seconds of time.

It was interrupted by a sudden movement on the part of the savages. Those on horseback were seen separating from the rest, and, the instant after, appeared coming on in the direction of the butte!

The movement was easily accounted for. My imprudence had betrayed our presence. I had been seen while standing on the summit of the mound.

I felt regret for my own rashness; but there was no time to indulge in the feeling, and I stifled it. The moment called for action—demanding all the firmness of nerve and coolness of head which, fortunately, I had acquired by experience.

Instead of shouting to my comrades—as yet unconscious of the approaching danger—I remained upon the summit without uttering a word, or shewing a sign that might alarm them.

My object in so acting was to avoid the confusion consequent upon a sudden panic, and keep my mind free to think over some plan of escape. The Indians were still five miles off: it would be some minutes at least before they could attack us. Two or three of these could be spared for reflection. After that, it would be time to call in the counsel of my companions.

I am here describing in detail, and with the tranquillity of closet retrospect, thoughts that followed one another with the rapidity of lightning flashes. To say that I reflected coolly, would not be true: I was at that moment too much under the influence of fear. I perceived at once that the situation was more than dangerous—it was desperate.

Flight was my first thought, or rather my first instinct: for, on reflection, it failed. The idea was to fling off the packs, mount the two pedestrians upon the mules, and gallop back for the cañon.

The conception was good enough, if it could have been carried out; but of this there was no hope. The defile was too distant to be reached in time. The two, who might ride the mules, could never make it—they must fall by the way.

Even if all could succeed in getting back to the cañon, what then? Was it likely we should ever emerge from it? We might for a time defend ourselves within its narrow gorge; but to pass clear through and escape at the other end would be impossible. A party of our pursuers would be certain to take over the ridge, and head us below. To get out there, and reach the woods beyond, would be utterly out of our power; and, without a prospect of reaching the timber, it would be of no use attempting flight.

In the valley around us there was no timbered tract—nothing that deserved the name of a wood: only copses and groves, the largest of which would not have sheltered us for an hour.

I had a reflection. Happy am I now, and proud, that I had the virtue to stifle it. For myself, escape by flight might not have been so problematical. A steed stood near that could have carried me beyond all danger. It only needed to fling myself into the saddle, and ply the spur. Even without that impulsion, my Arab would, and could, have carried me clear.

Death was preferable to the thought. I could only indulge it as a last resort—after all else had failed and fallen. Three men were my companions, true and tried. To all of them, I owed some service—to one little less than my life—for the bullet of the eccentric ranger had once saved me from an enemy. It was I who had brought on the impending attack. It was but just I should share its danger; and the thought of shunning it vanished on the instant of its conception.

Escape by flight was hopeless. On the shortest reflection, I perceived that our only chance lay in defending ourselves. The chance was not much worth;

but there was no alternative. We must stand and fight, or fall without resisting. From such a foe as that coming down upon us, we need expect no grace—not a modicum of mercy.

Where was our defence to be made? On the summit of the butte?

There was no better place in sight—no other that could be reached, offering so many advantages. Had we chosen it for a point of defence, it could not have promised better for the purpose.

As already stated, the cone was slightly truncated—its top ending in a *mesa*. The table was large enough to hold four of us. By crouching low, or lying flat upon it, we should be frightened out of the arrows of the Indians, or such other weapons as they might use. On the other hand the muzzles of four guns pointed at them, would deter them from approaching the base of the butte.

Scarcely a minute was I in maturing a plan; and I lost less time in communicating it to my companions.

Returning to them, as fast as my limbs could carry me, I announced the approach of the Indians.

The announcement produced a surprise sufficiently unpleasant, but no confusion. The old soldiers had been too often under fire to be frightened out of their senses; and the young hunter was not one to give way to a panic. All three remained cool and collected, as they listened to my hurried detail of the plan I had sketched out for our defence.

There was no difficulty about their adopting it—all agreed to it eagerly and at once: in short, there was no alternative.

Up the mound again—this time followed by my three comrades—each of us heavily laden. In addition to our guns and ammunition, we carried our saddles and mule-packs, our blankets and buffalo robes. It was not their intrinsic value that tempted us to take this trouble with our *impedimenta*: our object was to make with them a rampart upon the rock.

We had time for a second trip; and, flinging our first loads up to the table, we rushed back down the declivity.

Each seized upon such articles as offered themselves—valises, the soldiers' knapsacks, joints of the antelope lately killed, and the noted meal-bag—all would avail us.

The animals must be abandoned—both horses and mules. Could we take them up to the summit? Yes, the thing could be accomplished, but to what purpose? It would be worse than useless: since it would only render them an aim for the arrows of the enemy, and insure their being shot at once. To leave them below would be the better plan.

A tree stood near the base of the mound. To its branches their bridles had been already looped. There they would be within easy range of our rifles. We could shelter them so long as there was light.

The plan might appear of little advantage: since in the darkness they could be easily taken from us. But in leaving them thus, we were not without some design. We, too, might build a hope on the darkness. If we could succeed in sustaining the attack until nightfall, flight might then avail us. In truth, that seemed the only chance we should have of ultimately escaping from our perilous situation.

We resolved, therefore, to look well to the safety of the animals. Though forced to forsake them for a time, we might still keep the enemy off, and again recover them?

The contingency was not clear, and we were too much hurried to dwell long upon it. It only flitted before our minds like a gleam of light through the misty future.

I had time to bid farewell to my Arab, to run my fingers along his smooth arching neck, to press my lips to his velvet muzzle. Brave steed! tried and trusty friend! I could have wept at the parting.

He made answer to my caresses: he answered them with a low whimpering neigh. He knew there was something amiss—that there was danger. Our hurried movements had apprised him of it; but the moment after, his altered attitude, his flashing eyes, and the loud snorting from his spread nostrils, told that he perfectly comprehended the danger. He heard the distant trampling of hoofs: he knew that an enemy was approaching.

I heard them myself, and rushed back up the butte. My companions were already upon the summit, busied in building the rampart around the rock. I joined them, and aided in the work.

Our *paraphernalia* proved excellent for the purpose—light enough to be easily handled, and sufficiently firm to resist either bullets or arrows.

Before the enemy had come within hailing distance, the parapet was completed; and, crouching behind it, we awaited their approach.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE WAR-CRY.

The war-cry 'How-ow-owgh-aloo-loo-oo!' uttered loudly from a hundred throats, comes pealing down the valley. Its fiendish notes, coupled with the demon-like forms that give voice to them, are well calculated to quail the stoutest heart.

Ours are not without fear. Though we know that the danger is not immediate, there is a significance in the tones of that wild slogan. They express more than the usual hostility of red to white—they breathe a spirit of vengeance.

The gestures of menace—the brandished spears, and bended bows—the war-clubs waving in the air—are all signs of the excited anger of the Indians. Blood has been spilled—perhaps the blood of some of their chosen warriors—and ours will be sought to a certainty. We perceive no signs of a pacific intent—no semblance that would lead us to hope for mercy. The foe is bent on our destruction. He rushes forward to kill.

I have said that the danger was not immediate. I did not conceive it so. My conception was based upon experience. I had met the prairie Indians before—in the south; but north or south, I knew that their tactics were the same.

It is a mistake to suppose that these savages rush recklessly upon death. Only when their enemy is far inferior to them in numbers—or otherwise an undermatch—will they advance boldly to the fight. They will do this in an attack upon Mexicans, whose prowess they despise; or sometimes in a conflict with their own kind, when stimulated by warrior pride, and the promptings of the tribal vendetta. On other occasions, they are sufficiently careful of their skins—more especially in an encounter with the white trappers, or even travellers who enter the prairies from the east. Of all other weapons, they dread the long rifle of the hunter. It is only after stratagem has failed—when *do or die* becomes a necessity—that the horse-Indian can bring himself to charge forward upon the glistening barrel. The mere hope of plunder will not tempt even the boldest of red-skinned robbers within the circle of a rifle's range. They all know from experience the deadliness of its aim.

Most probably plunder had been their motive for attacking the train; but their victims could only have been some straggling unfortunates, too confident in their security. They had not succumbed without a struggle. The death of all of them proved this—for not a prisoner appeared to have been taken. Further evidence of it was seen upon the sward; for as the crowd scattered, I had seen through the glass several corpses that were not those of white men. The robbers, though victorious, had suffered severely; hence the vengeful yells with which they were charging down upon us.

With all their menace both of signs and sounds, I had no fear of their charging up the mound, nor yet to its base. There were fifty yards around it within range of our guns; and the first who should venture within this circle would not be likely to go forth from it alive.

'Not a shot is to be fired, till you are sure of hitting! Do not one of you pull trigger, till you have sighted your man!'

On the skill of two of my comrades I could confide—on Sure-shot with all the certainty which his *sobriquet* expressed; and I had seen enough of the young hunter, to know how he handled his rifle. About the Irishman alone was there a doubt—only of his coolness and his aim—of his courage there was none. In this, the 'infantry' was perhaps equal to any of us.

The words of caution had scarcely parted from my lips, when the enemy came galloping up. Their yelling grew louder as they advanced; and its echoes ringing from the rocks, appeared to double the number of their wild cries.

We could only hear one another by calling out at the top of our voices; but we had little to say. The time for talking had expired: that of action had arrived.

On come the whooping savages, horrid to behold: their faces, arms, and bodies frightfully painted, each after his own device, and all as hideous as savage conception could suggest. The visages of bears, wolves, and other fierce animals, are depicted on their breasts and shields—with the still more horrid emblems of the death's head, the cross-bones, and the red hand. Even their horses are covered with similar devices—stained upon their skins in ochre, charcoal, and vermillion. The sight is too fearful to be fantastic.

On they come, uttering their wild 'Howgh-owgh-aloo!' brandishing their various weapons, and making their shields of *parfleche* rattle by repeated strokes against their clubs and spears—on comes the angry avalanche!

They are within a hundred yards of the butte. For a moment, we are in doubt. If they charge up the declivity, we are lost men. We may shoot down the foremost; but they are twenty to one. In a hand-to-hand struggle, we shall be overwhelmed—killed or captured—in less than sixty seconds of time!

'Hold your fire!' I cried, seeing my comrades lie with their cheeks against their guns; 'not yet! only two at a time—but not yet! Ha! as I expected.'

And just as I had expected, the wild ruck came to a halt—those in the lead drawing up their horses, as suddenly as if they had arrived upon the edge of a precipice!

They had come to a stand just in the nick of time. Had they advanced but five paces further, at least two of their number would have tumbled out of their saddles. Sure-shot and I had each selected our man, and agreed about the signal. The others were ready to follow.

All four barrels resting over the rampart had caught the eyes of the Indians. A glance at the glistening tubes was sufficient. True to their old tactics, it was the sight of these that had halted them!

CHAPTER LIV.

THE RED HAND.

The whooping and screaming are for awhile suspended. Those in the rear have ridden up; and the straggling cavalcade becomes massed upon the plain, at less than two hundred yards' distance from the butte.

Shouts are still heard, and talking in an unknown tongue; but not the dread war-cry. That has failed of its effect; and is heard no longer.

Now and then, young warriors gallop toward the

butte, vaunt their valour, brandish their weapons, shoot off their arrows, and threaten us by word and gesture. All, however, keep well outside the perilous circumference protected by our guns.

We perceive that they, too, have guns, both muskets and rifles—in all, a dozen or more. We can tell that they are empty. Those who carry them are dismounting to load. We may expect soon to receive their fire, but from the clumsy way in which they handle their pieces, that need not terrify us—any more than their arrows, already sent, and falling far short.

Half-a-dozen horsemen are conspicuous. They are chiefs, as can be told by the eagle plumes sticking in their hair, with the insignia on their breasts and bodies. These have ridden to the front, and are grouped together, their horses standing head to head. Their speeches and gesticulations declare that they are holding council.

The movements of menace are no longer made. We have time to examine our enemies. They are so near that I need scarcely level the glass upon them; though through that, I can note every feature with minute distinctness.

They are not Comanches—their bodies are too big, and their limbs too long, for these Ishmaelites of the southern plains. Neither are they of the Jicarilla-Apache: they are too noble-looking to resemble these skulking jackals. More like are they to the Cayguas! But no—they are not Cayguas. I have met these Indians, and should know them. The war-cry did not resemble theirs. Theirs is the war-cry of the Comanche. I should have known it at once. Cheyennes they may be—since it is their especial ground? Or might it be that tribe of still darker, deadlier fame—the hostile Arapaho? If they be Arapahoes, we need look for no mercy.

I sweep the glass over them, seeking for signs by which I may identify our enemy. I perceive one that is significant. The leggings of the chiefs and principal warriors are fringed with scalps; their shields are encircled by similar ornaments. Most of these appendages are of dark hue—the locks long and black. But not all are of this kind or colour.

One shield is conspicuously different from the rest. A red hand is painted upon its black disc. It is the *totem* of him who carries it. A thick fringe of hair is set around its rim. The tufts are of different lengths and colours. There are tresses brown, blonde, and even red; hair curled and wavy; coarse hair; and some soft and silky. Through the glass, I see all this, with a clearness that leaves no doubt as to the character of these varied *chevelures*. They are the scalps of white men!

And the red hand upon the shield? a red hand? Ah! I remember—there is a noted chief of the name, famed for his hostility to the trappers—famed for a ferocity unequalled among his race—a savage who is said to take delight in torturing his captives—especially if it be a pale-face who has had the misfortune to fall into his hands. Can it be that fiend—the Red-Hand of the Arapahoes?

The appearance of the man confirms my suspicion. A body, tall, angular, and ill-shaped, scarred with cicatrized wounds, and bent with age; a face seamed with the traces of evil passion; eyes deep sunken in their sockets, and sparkling like coals of fire—an aspect more fiendlike than human! All this agrees with the descriptions I have had of the Red-Hand chief. Assuredly it is he.

Our enemies, then, are the Arapahoes—their leader the dreaded Red-Hand.

'Heaven have mercy upon us! These men will have none!'

Such was the ejaculation that escaped my lips, on recognising, or believing that I recognised, the foe that was before us.

The Red-Hand was seen to direct. He was evidently leader of the band. All seemed obedient

to his signal; all moved with military promptness at his word or nod. Beyond doubt, it was the Red-Hand and his followers, who for crimes and cold-blooded atrocities were noted as he. A dreaded band, long known to the traders of Santa Fe—to the *Ciboleros* from the Taos Valley—to the trappers of the Arkansas and Platte.

We were not the first party of white men besieged by these barbarous robbers; and if it was our fate to fall, we should not be the first victims. Many a brave 'mountain-man' had already got into their fiendish grasp. Scarcely a trapper who could not tell of some comrade, who had been 'rubbed' out by Red-Hand and his 'Raphahoes.'

The council of the savage crowd continues for some time. Some *ruse* is being devised and debated.

With palpitating hearts we await the issue.

I have made known my suspicions as to who is our enemy, and cautioned my comrades to be on their guard. I have told them that, if my conjecture prove true, we need look for no mercy.

The talk is at an end. Red-Hand is about to address us.

Riding two lengths in front of his followers, the savage chief makes halt. His shield is held conspicuously upward—its convexity towards us—not for any purpose of security; but evidently that we may see its device, and know the bearer. Red-Hand is conscious of the terror inspired by his name.

In his other hand, he carries an object better calculated than his shield to beget fearful emotions. Poised on the point of his long spear, and held high aloft, are the scalps recently taken. There are six of them in the bunch—easily told by the different hues of the hair; and all easily identified as those of white men. They are the scalps of the slain teamsters, and others who vainly attempted to defend the captured wagon. They are all fresh and gory—hang limber along the shaft—the blood is not yet dry upon them—the wet surface glitters in the sun!

We view them with singular emotions—mine more singular than any. I endeavour to identify some of those ghastly trophies. I am but too satisfied at failing.

CHAPTER LV.

AN ILL-TIMED SHOT.

'*Hablo Castellano?*' cries the savage chieftain in broken Spanish.

I am not surprised at being addressed in this language by a prairie Indian. Many of them speak Spanish, or its North Mexican *patois*. They have opportunities of learning it from the new Mexican traders, but better—from their captives.

'*Sí, caballero!* I speak Spanish. What wishes the warrior with the red hand upon his shield?'

'The pale-face is a stranger in this country, else he would not ask such a question? What wishes the Red-Hand? Ha, ha, ha! The scalps of the white men—their scalps and lives—that is the will of the Arapaho.'

The speech is delivered in a tone of exultation, and accompanied by a scornful laugh. The savage is proud of his barbarous and bloodthirsty character: he glories in the terror of his name. With such a monster, it seems idle to hold parley. In the end, it will be only to fight, and if defeated, to die.

But the drowning man cannot restrain himself from catching even at straws.

'Arapaho! we are not your enemies! Why should you desire to take our lives? We are peaceful travellers passing through your country; and have no wish to quarrel with our red brothers.'

'Red brothers! ha, ha, ha! Tongue of a serpent, and heart of a hare! The proud Arapaho is not your brother: he disclaims kindred with a pale-face. Red-Hand has no brothers among the whites: all are alike his enemies! Behold their scalps upon his

shield! Ha! See the fresh trophies upon his spear! Count them! There are six! There will be ten. Before the sun goes down, the scalps of the four squaws skulking on the mound will hang from the spears of the Arapahoes!'

I could not contradict the declaration: it was too fearfully probable.

I made no reply.

'Dogs!' fiercely vociferated the savage, 'come down, and deliver up your arms!'

'An' our scalps too, I s'pose,' muttered the Yankee. 'Neo, certainly not, at that price; I don't sell my notions so dirt cheap as thet comes to. 'Twouldn't pay nohow. Lookee yee, old red chops!' continued he in a louder voice, and raising his head above the rampart—'this heer o' mine air vallable, do ee see? It air a dear colour, an' a putty colour. It 'ud look jest the thing on thet shield o' yours; but 'tain't there yet, not by a long chalk; an' I kalklate ef ye want the skin o' my head, ye'll hev to trot up an' take it.'

'Ugh!' ejaculated the Indian with an impatient gesture. 'The yellow squaw is not worth the words of a chief. His scalp is not for the shield of a warrior. It will be given to the dogs of our tribe—it will be thrown to the jackals of the prairie.'

'Ain't partickler about what 'ee do wi' 't—thet is, efter ye've got it. Don't ye wish 'ee may git it? eh?'

'Wagh!' exclaimed the savage, with another impatient gesticulation. 'The Red-Hand is tired talking. One word more. Listen to it, chief of the pale-faces! Come down, and deliver up your fire-weapons! The Red-Hand will be merciful: he will spare your lives. If you resist, he will torture you with fire. The knives of his warriors will hew the living flesh from your bones. You shall die a thousand deaths; and the Great Spirit of the Arapahoes will smile at the sacrifice.'

'And what if we do not resist?'

'Your lives shall be spared. The Red-Hand declares it on the faith of a warrior.'

'Faith o' a warrior!—faith o' a cut-throat! He only wants to come round us, capting, an' git our scalps 'thout fightin' for em—thet's what the red vermin wants to be at—sure as shootin'.'

'Why should the Red-Hand spare our lives?' I inquired, taken by surprise at any offer of life coming from such a quarter. 'Has he not just said, that all white men are his enemies?'

'True. But white men may become his friends. He wants white men for his allies. He has a purpose.'

'Will the Red-Hand declare his purpose?'

'Willingly. His people have taken many fire-weapons. See! they are yonder in the hands of his braves, who know not how to use them. Our enemies—the Utahs—have been taught by the white hunters; and the ranks of the Arapaho warriors are thinned by their deadly bullets. If the pale-faced chief and his three followers will consent to dwell with the band of Red-Hand, and teach his warriors the great medicine of the fire-weapon, their lives shall be spared. The Red-Hand will honour the young soldier-chief, and the White Eagle of the forest.'

'Soldier-chief! White Eagle of the forest! How can he have known?'

'If you resist,' continued he, interrupting my reflections, 'the Red-Hand will keep his word. You have no chance of escape. You are but four, and the Arapaho warriors are numerous as the trees of the Big Timber. If one of them fall by your fire-weapons, he shall be revenged. The Red-Hand repeats what he has said: the knives of his braves will hew the living flesh from your bones. You shall die a thousand deaths, and the Great Spirit of the Arapahoes will smile at the sacrifice!'

'Be Jaysis, cypatin!' cried O'Tigg, who, not understanding Spanish, was ignorant of what was said,

'that ugly owld Indyian wants a bit ov cowlid lid through him. In troth, I b'lave the musket moight raich him. She belonged to Sargent Johnson, an' was considered the best gun about the Fort. What iv I throy her carry on the risksin? Say the word, yer honour, an' here goes!'

So astounded was I at the last words of the Arapaho chief, that I paid no heed to what the Irishman was saying. I had turned towards Wingrove—not for an explanation: for the young hunter, also ignorant of the language in which the Indian spoke, was unaware of the allusion that had been made to him.

I had commenced translating the speech; but, before three words had escaped from my lips, the loud bang of the musket drowned every other sound; and a cloud of sulphury smoke covering the whole platform, hindered us from seeing one another!

It needed no explanation. The Irishman had taken my silence for consent: he had fired.

From the thick of the smoke came his exulting shout:

'Huray! he's down—be my sow! he's down. I knew the owld musket 'ud raich him! Hooray!'

The report reverberated from the rocks—mingling its echoes with the wild vengeful cries that rose up from the plain.

In an instant, the smoke was wafted aside; and the painted warriors were once more visible.

The Red-Hand was erect upon his feet, standing by the side of his horse, and still holding his spear and shield. The horse was down—stretched along the turf, and struggling in the throes of death!

'Be gorrah! cyaptin! wasn't it a spindid shat?'

'A shot that may cost us our scalps,' said I: for I saw that there was no longer any chance of a pacific arrangement—even upon the condition of our making sharpshooters of every redskin in the tribe.

'Ha, ha, ha!' came the wild laugh of the Arapaho. 'Vengeance on the pale-faced traitors! vengeance!'

And shaking his clenched fist in the air, the savage chief retired among his warriors.

THE BURLESQUE PULPIT.

ORATOR HENLEY.

Comic theology, I am sorry to say, does not appear to be at all strange or unwelcome in certain parts of this kingdom at the present day; so I judge, at least, from the extraordinary titles usually given to those concert-room and town-hall sermons which are becoming a regular Sunday-evening feature in some of our larger cities and boroughs. The Reverends Newlight and Spinbrain almost invariably advertising their Sunday sermons on all walls and boardings under such superscriptions as the following: 'Stop, Thief!' 'The Same to you,' 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer!' 'Who's that knocking at the Door?' &c.

What is this a sign of? Partly, perhaps, of a more intense desire to gain the 'masses' than was felt by the last generation. This desire, I fear, is not always pure and unmixed; I think I smell the census in it. However, whether so or not, of this it is most undoubtedly a sign—of a diseased and growing craving after originality. The Reverend Schism-sucker, pining before the popularity of Spinbrain, outdoes the advertisements of his ministerial brother by announcing that he intends to preach upon 'Hoop-de-dooden-do.' The exposition of this text got over, however, and the sermon proceeding, we find it is exactly like all other sermons, and that the originality and the comicality are entirely confined to the title.

I have before me a few papers with which I imagine I can make the whole generation of comic theologians either jealous or abashed. They are simply the titles under which the famous Orator Henley advertised his discourses. I have taken my

notes from two sources: first, a manuscript book in the Orator's own handwriting; and, second, the *Daily Advertiser* and *Fog's Weekly Journals* for 1730 and 1731.

The general facts of John Henley's life are, I suppose, pretty generally known—how he was ordained deacon and priest in the English Church—how the Earl of Macclesfield gave him a Suffolk living of eighty pounds per annum—how Henley fancied himself too original and profound to rust and rusticate—how he found a curate who prayed, preached, confessed, christened, churched, married, and buried for twenty pounds per annum!—how Henley came up to London, astonished the religious world, and scandalised the church by the most amazing sermons—how he fell under the censure of his bishop—how he thereupon determined to restore the primitive church, and so took a room (the Oratory) in Clare Market, where he used a liturgy compiled from the *Apostolical Constitutions* and other sources*—how he there became a butt for the men of wit and the practical jokers—how he was pilloried by Pope in the *Dunciad*—how he finally drunk away his character, and died wretched and forgotten—

How Henley lay inspired beside a sink,
And seemed to mortal a mere priest in drink.

—*Dunciad*.

The Orator gave his audience four original productions every week—on Sunday morning, and on Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings. He divided these into Postils, Sermons, Theological Lectures, and Orations. He used to advertise the subject of each week's performance throughout the previous week. Robert Dodsley, that poetical footman, thus alludes to this practice of Henley's in his *Art of Preaching*—

So the great Henley hires for half-a-crown
A quack advertisement, to tell the town
Of some strange point to be disputed on.

Of these quack advertisements I purpose to offer specimens, and I think the reader will confess that the burlesque sermon-titles of our own time cannot stand beside them for a moment.

The following is an *in extenso* specimen from *Fog's Weekly Journal* for August 8, 1730: 'At the Oratory, the corner of Lincoln's-in-Fields, near Clare Market, to-morrow, being Sunday—1. The postil will be on Chance, proving that there is no chance. 2. The sermon will be, "A Gentleman's Feast at Port-Glasgow;" of being carried away by the devil, and of the hearse stopping often, and the horses trembling, &c., &c., on conveying the corpse of Mr B., of Folkingham, practically applied. 3. The Wednesday's subject will be, "Jack at a Pinch, or Sir Humphrey Have-at-all." Is there not in this advertisement just that happy commixture of revelation and concealment which would excite the amusement-hunter to attend the uncovering of the remainder?

The oration advertised for August 15 is: 'Cross or Pile, or All the World at Huddle-cap;' for September 19: 'The Wars of Westminster, or Three Sheepskins all of a Colour;' for November 7: 'The Queen of Diamonds is the Trump, or the Grey Mare the Better Horse;' for December 5: 'The Maid's Wish, or the Art of Courtship.'

The oration for May 15, 1731, he tells us in the *Daily Advertiser*, 'will be an exercise of wit to baffle my adversaries on this point—namely, "Maturity Defended, or a proof there is No Old Man or Old Woman in the World; and a Defense [sic] of my Grammars."' In elucidation of the latter clause, I must tell you that the Orator, in the earlier part of

* A work really worth examining. It is printed in rubric and black-letter.

his life, had published Latin, Italian, and French grammars; and that the *Grub Street Journal*, in April and May 1731, was making cruel onslaught upon these *opuscula* of Henley's, even to the assertion that he neither understood French nor Italian, but had cooked up his books from already extant grammars, reproducing the very mistakes and misprints of those grammars.

Henley loved to be the hero of these word-battles, and was always glad to see the head of an opponent start up at the conclusion of a sermon or oration. He not only invited some one to get up and fight, but, knowing that to gird at some popular or unpopular opinion was the best way to fill the Oratory, he usually selected some very disputable topic for his Sunday-evening's subject, appending to the advertisement the name of some scholar or divine famous by his recognised connection with that subject. Thus, if it were the Holy Trinity, he would parade the names of Dr Waterland and Dr Clarke; if it were the Apostolical Succession, the name of Dr Sherlock. Sometimes, however, he would aim at a nobler quarry; for instance, he affixes the following N.B. to his advertisement of September 5, 1730: 'If the bishop or his deputy pleases to assist at the Sunday-evening disputation, he shall be entertained with the best polemics we have.' How likely that the bishop would seat himself, with hostile intention, in front of that famous 'gilt tub,' the throne of his quondam rebellious presbyter! Yet it was safe and crafty for Henley to invite him. With what gusto the mob of Henleyites must have declared—when eight o'clock came, but no bishop with it—that the right reverend father was afraid—that he would 'think twice'—that he 'knew better;' and so forth.

Henley, however, had to fight sometimes in another way than the controversial. The 'fast men' of the eighteenth century, especially if 'wits' also, mindful of what Pope, Fielding, and such leaders of wit, had called Henley, looked upon him as a common butt. One riot got up at the Oratory by George Selwyn, with the correspondence resulting therefrom, is described in J. Henneage Jesse's *Life* of that worthy. The Autobiography of John Byrom, published by the Manchester Chetham Society, contains the record of an angry battle between the Orator and Byrom. Byrom, though now never read, nor likely to be, has found his way into some editions of the British Poets. His Poems, however, are more theological, or, rather, theosophical (for he sat at William Law's feet) than poetical. The most important of them is on *Enthusiasm*, and in right thereof, I suppose, Byrom took his stand in a critical manner upon the pseudo-enthusiasm of Clare Market. But Byrom's business, or profession, was short-hand writing, and he found himself accordingly taking notes of the oration. This Henley did not allow. 'As to Mr Henley's turning me out,' writes Byrom to his wife, January 23, 1728, 'I went there one Wednesday night with Mr Davy, senior, and took out my pen and wrote. His manager came to me, and told me the Doctor, as he called him, did not allow of writing. We had a long squabble; sometimes I wrote, sometimes I gave over, for Mr Orator went on so much faster than usual, that he took the only way to stop me. The man at last brought me my shilling, and desired me to walk off. I told him I should go when I thought fit. "I am here to write, and I shall write as long as the Doctor preaches!" "Sir," says he, "he may have his discourses printed upon him."'

This remonstrance of the Orator's official shews very faithfully the impression Henley kept up among his Henleyites; it was the essentially demagogic one, that he was hated of all peers, bishops, placemen, and officers, and they were always on the watch to catch some faint show of excuse for apprehending so dreaded an enemy. Henley's own advertisements, however, show the *real* cause why he did not wish his discourses

printed. Like Agapemone Prince, he was not so carried away by enthusiasm and the mission of restoring the perfect dispensation, as to be unaware of the value of money, or inept in the means of accruing it; if money was to be made by printing his discourses, he wished to be the maker of it. He did print several of them, his favourite one, 'Burlesque Discourses Defended,' among the number. Every advertisement of the week's postiling, preaching, and orationing is closed by an advertisement of his books. The way in which the rise and fall of the price of these articles are described is most amusing. 'N.B.—The books of the Oratory are republished,' he advertises one week; the week after, 'The Oratory books are 8s. 6d.;' a fortnight after, 'The Oratory books will soon be 10s. 6d.' For many weeks they continue at half-a-guinea; then an N.B. states that 1s. 6d. is about to be taken off; in a few weeks more they are raised 6d.; and so they go on, fluctuating after the pattern of a share-list.

We have seen from Byrom's letter to his wife, that it cost one shilling to listen to the Orator's burlesque sermons. The regular Oratorians had silver (first-class) and Bath-metal (second-class) ticket-medals, which admitted them on all Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Special subscriptions were raised for discourses on other days; to these the ticket-medals did not admit the holders. For those, however, who held no ticket-medals, but trusted to the shilling on entrance, there was no certainty. Such an N.B. as the following now and then closed the Orator's advertisement: 'Both on Sunday and week-days this week, the extempore discourses will be on some remarkable piece now especially on foot, delivering a ready judgment upon it, on which occasion the prices of the seats will be raised.' Again, 'N.B.—This week some seats will be 1s. 6d.'

I have ventured to assert that the comicality of our living burlesque sermon advertisers is entirely confined to the titles of their sermons, that it does not descend into the treatment. It was not so with the thoroughly burlesque Henley; his treatment is as odd as his titles are.

Here, however, his advertisements give no light; I shall, accordingly, make a few extracts from the manuscripts. It is interesting to look at these quartos of writing-paper now; to think of the time in which they were stitched together for that singular charlatan to dot down his vagaries upon them; to question whether he was sober or unsobber when he saw a connection between this and that; whether he ever said to himself over these pages, with the ink wet in his pen, 'What a cheat and sham am I!'

The comicality in these sermons is, of course, of no essential or inherent kind; it was dependent on the action and gesture of the preacher, on its applicability to the transient gossip of the week, on the mobile passion of the listening Henleyites. Its most prevalent feature is its unblushing demagogishness. It is never religious, always political; every text of Scripture is strained into some ridiculous relation to the English court, parliament, or ministry. I will select first some passages from a sermon preached on the 25th of January ('the conversion of St Paul,' in the church calendar). The title is: 'Conversion of St Paul to the Ministry.' 'Let a bill pass, that as Bishop Paul was a tent-maker, Bishop Canterbury shall be a pipe-maker, Bishop York a breeches-maker, Bishop London a felt-maker, to strip ye wool from his flock, and ye skins after, and then devour ye mutton: to make canonical hats of ye first, excommunicating parchment of ye second, and keep house with ye third.'

The presence of St Paul at St Stephen's martyrdom supplies the orator with the following political pater-faction: 'When Stephen, St Stephen (from whose name St Stephen's Chapel was christened, where ye Pope was godfather), when he was stoned, overwhelmed by a hard majority, Paul kept their clothes, waited in the lobby with their cloaks and great-coats,

and very likely ran away with them, for we do not read he had them again, and he had scarce wherewithal to buy ye cloak he left at Troas.'

The third extract, from the same sermon, will shew how little real reverence there was in this restorer of primitive Christianity. 'Dr Cave says he was then taken up to the third heaven; Commons, ye first; Lords, ye second; Court, ye third. There he saw and heard "things not lawful to utter;" he was not to blab secrets.'

That Orator Henley was a thorough demagogue and mob-flatterer, indeed appears from these manuscript notes, in which he is the confessor of himself, with a clearness which none of the memoirs, nor the incidental thrusts at him in the satirists and poets, have given. In the notes of the sermon for June 5, 1743, for which we have no title, he recommends himself to the 'love and care of ye people,' saying that he 'makes their interest his, and their cause a religion, and attempts for them all they can want or wish, without ever betraying them, or accepting any titles, places, pensions, or advantages'—as if any had been offered him! 'Other preachers,' he writes, 'and even prelates, are hired and employed to amuse and deceive the people, for ye advantage of some, and ye prejudice of ye bulk of mankind. A bishop is just as serviceable to a state as a ballad-singer to a pick-pocket, or bells to a packhorse, to beguile ye poor, jaded, overloaded people from ye consideration and memory of their miseries.'

A man who could keep himself before the world so long, and with success, must have had some effective kind of cleverness, however deficient in wisdom. That with which one is most struck in glancing over his notes, is, perhaps, that he is never at a loss for matter; and, further, that whatever the subject, he never wants for a way to drag King, Lords, Commons, and Clergy under the shadow of the title, or to pillory the current unpopularity. For instance, the 30th of November is St Andrew's Day, so he takes St Andrew for his subject; he passes from saints' days to patron saints; thence he falls foul of Scotland for choosing St Andrew for her patron saint; Scotland leads him to the Stuarts; the Stuarts branch backwards to George Buchanan, and sideways to the Hanoverians, places, and pensions; and Buchanan touches the Reformation; and the Reformation, the Union.

PADDY'S SMALL BORROWINGS.

THERE are many peculiarities observable in Ireland, in relation to the loans of small sums of money, to be repaid when the immediate pressure has passed away. With us in England, the usurious money-lenders, the keepers of so-called loan-offices, and the regular pawnbrokers, do this work; but in Ireland, the legislature has stepped in, with an avowed hope and intention of lessening the ruinous effects which too often attend such transactions. This is so, because Ireland has been, if it is not so now, a country teeming with extremely poor persons, who are too low down the social ladder to help themselves, unless some one gives them a lift. There are three distinct sets of institutions, which it is interesting to know something about in reference to this matter. One of these groups comprises the *Monts de Piété*; another, the *Loan-funds*, under the control of a Board of Commissioners; and a third, the *Reproductive Loan-funds*, under the management of a society whose headquarters are in London.

The *Monts de Piété* may be shortly characterised as benevolent pawnbrokers, lending money on pledges—not for profit, but for the benefit of the borrowers. These *Monts de Piété* are of Italian origin. The

Popes, in bygone ages, encouraged the formation of lending-houses, where small sums could be obtained by the poor, without interest, and returnable within short periods; and indulgences were granted to wealthy persons, to induce them to supply the requisite funds. It was found, however, that nothing permanent arose out of this plan; and the pontiffs thereupon allowed the charge of a small rate of interest for the loans. About the year 1460, the new system assumed this form—money was raised by collections, small sums were lent on pledges to the indigent, and a rate of interest, payable monthly, was charged, just sufficient to pay the expenses of the establishment. Lending-houses, or *Monts de Piété*, on this principle were established at Perugia, Orvieto, Viterbo, Savona, and other places in Italy; and after a course of vigorous advocacy by the Franciscans, the system extended itself to Mantua, Florence, Milan, Modena, Bologna, and most of the great towns. The name *Montes Pietatis*, afterwards rendered in equivalent Italian and French by *Monti di Pietà* and *Monts de Piété*, was given to these lending-houses, to denote banks of piety, or banks promoted through motives purely religious and benevolent; but the Dominicans fiercely opposed the system, on account of the charging of interest, insignificant though it was, upon the loans; and the Popes and Franciscans had much to contend against in their endeavours. The Lombards, regarded in those days less in the light of Italians than at the present time, lent money on pledges on a larger scale than that just noticed; they were, in fact, the fore-runners of the great bankers now known all over Europe, and Lombard Street was named after them.

Referring to our own country, it does not appear that *Monts de Piété* were ever established in England. Among the Lansdown manuscripts is one, written in the time of Charles I., descanting mournfully and indignantly on the enormous rate of interest charged by money-lenders, amounting to fifty or sixty per cent. on small loans; while 'fishwives, oyster-women, and others that doe crye things up and downe the streets,' borrowed trifling sums at more than four hundred per cent. The *Monti di Pietà* of Italy were then alluded to, and a scheme was put forth for the raising of a sum of a hundred thousand pounds for the establishment of a similar institution in England; but nothing seems to have resulted from the proposal.

The habits of the people in Ireland, however, assimilate more nearly to those of the Italians and the French than to those of the English; and the failure of the *Monts de Piété* in England did not seem necessarily to involve a similar result in Ireland. About twenty years ago, the Rev. H. J. Porter, and other benevolent persons in Ireland, resolved to found one of these institutions; and in order to demonstrate the advantage of them, Mr Porter published the results of an examination of those in France and Italy. In order, at the same time, to shew the great want of something similar in Ireland, he ascertained the actual rate of interest payable by the borrowers of small sums in different places. As the pawnbrokers are opposed to all such investigations, he adopted an ingenious mode of arriving at the facts. He selected one whole county, Armagh; one large trading-town, Belfast; and the metropolis, Dublin, as being likely to afford data applicable to a large area of Ireland; although it is worthy of remark that this selection, in excluding Connaught and Munster, excluded the poorest provinces of the country. He deposited, at every pawnbroker's in the

selected places, an article of clothing, and received duplicates or tickets, each bearing a number on it, shewing the order in which articles had been received and registered. In seven days' time he deposited another pledge at each pawnbroker's, as before, and received in like manner duplicates or tickets. By comparing the numbers on these tickets with those on the first series, he could ascertain how many pledges had been deposited in the interval of seven days; and assuming that number to be a fair average, he calculated how many that would amount to in a year. Mr Porter gave a considerable mass of figures on this subject in a paper read at the Glasgow meeting of the British Association; but we will merely state that, in Dublin alone, there were estimated to be nearly four millions of pledgings in a year; that the sum lent upon each pledge averaged about four shillings; and that £16,000 was paid for duplicate tickets alone, besides interest. What the actual amount of interest was, does not clearly appear; but Mr Porter found that the 'wee-pawn' system in Glasgow yielded the enormous interest of four hundred per cent. per annum. Whether this 'wee-pawn' system still continues, we do not know; but, as described by Mr Porter, it was adopted by those who would lend money on articles of smaller value than those recognised by the regular pawnbrokers, and who would also advance a larger percentage of the real value of the article deposited. The time for redeeming the pledge was limited to one month; the interest charged was at the rate of one penny per week for one shilling; and the machinery of tickets or duplicates was dispensed with. The sums lent on the 'wee' deposits varied from a half-penny to a shilling, giving an average of about fourpence. Mr Porter ascertained that there were the astonishing number of seven hundred of these wee-pawn shops in Glasgow, at which nearly forty million articles were pledged annually—besides those pledged with the regular pawnbrokers.

Armed with the knowledge furnished by these investigations, Mr Porter proceeded, with the aid of the gentry and clergy, to establish a *Mont de Piété* at Tanderagee in 1839. It comprised a charitable pawn-office, a loan-fund, and a savings-bank, all combined under one administration! During the first year, there were 15,000 articles pledged, of which 11,000 were redeemed within the year; the amount lent on them was £2000, averaging about half-a-crown each. The interest received on the money lent was £110, obviously insufficient to pay the expenses of management. During 1840, similar institutions were founded at Limerick, Portadown, Belfast, Dungannon, and Coleraine. At these several establishments, in 1841, there were pledged about three hundred and fifty thousand articles, on which sums varying from one shilling to thirty shillings were lent. It was a discouraging fact, however, that not one of these establishments paid its expenses; the interest was kept low, because the object of the founders was benevolent; and there was not sufficient agreement of opinion among the founders to raise it to a paying rate. At Limerick and other places, *Monts de Piété* were established; and the plan of operations was generally as follows: Two working-officers were paid salaries—a conductor, who was a licensed pawnbroker, and a secretary. The capital was made up of two portions—loans on debentures, and donations. The sums advanced varied from two-thirds to four-fifths of the actual value of the articles deposited; and the good character of the borrowers was inquired into before the loan was made. The articles were redeemable any time within one year, but one month was the minimum charge for interest.

These *Monts de Piété* have not been permanent institutions in Ireland. There were eight of them in 1841; they lessened to four in 1844, to one in 1849; and after 1853, they ceased to be included among the

loan-societies, presently to be noticed. In the one *Mont de Piété*, from 1848 to 1853, the number of articles pledged did not exceed nine to eleven thousand annually. The truth seems to be, that donations gradually fell off; and that when the capital had to be raised by debentures, the interest charged to the poor pledgers was not sufficient to defray the various expenses incurred.

We shall now speak of the *Irish Reproductive Loan-fund*. Somewhat about forty years ago, Ireland was afflicted with one of those periods of extreme misery which have so sadly marked her history. An 'Irish Relief Committee' was established in London, to distribute large sums which were obtained by subscriptions. When the suffering was abated, the committee had a sum of £40,000 unappropriated, increased to £55,000 on a subsequent balancing of accounts. It was resolved to have a board of directors in London, and local boards in Ireland, to conduct a system of lending this sum of money in small portions. Sir George Nicholls, in his inquiries on the state of the Irish poor, pointed out the following cycle—want of capital produces want of employment; want of employment produces turbulence and misery; turbulence and misery produce insecurity; insecurity produces withdrawal of capital; and so on, each producing the rest; and he urged that until this cycle is broken, Ireland cannot be prosperous. The new institution, acting on these or similar views, proposed to lessen the miseries by making temporary loans to deserving persons, as a means of enabling them to help themselves. There was no necessity to borrow money on debentures, because the £55,000 formed a capital fairly and wholly belonging to the directors. This money, or the greater part of it, was sent over to ten counties in Ireland—Clare, Cork, Galway, Kerry, Leitrim, Limerick, Mayo, Roscommon, Sligo, and Tipperary—comprising those counties of Munster and Connaught in which poverty most unmistakably presents itself. The local boards consisted of gentry and clergy, who worked without pay; and as the expenses were very small, the greater part of the interest paid by borrowers went to the augmentation of capital. In 1844, a charter of incorporation was granted to the company, to render the legal position more definite and secure. The advances to poor farmers, cotters, and others, were either in the form of money, or in those of implements, seed, or raw materials, according to the necessity of the occasion; and the payment of interest was in some cases dispensed with.

This *Irish Reproductive Loan-fund Institution* has existed ever since. Unlike the *Monts de Piété*, there is a secure capital actually in hand; and unless there be gross mismanagement somewhere, there is no reason why the institution should fail in continuing its limited amount of good service. We have before us the Report for 1858, from which it appears that the capital had increased from £55,000 to £81,000. There was a 'Fishery Fund' and an 'Agricultural School Fund,' but the greater part of the capital was lent out in small sums. The information given, however, concerning this institution is not very detailed; there is a capital stock, and there is a charter; there is no appeal to a charitable public for funds; and hence the proceedings partake somewhat of the uncommunicative character of those of corporate bodies in general, except so far as certain annual reports are rendered compulsory by act of parliament.

We now come to the third of the three groups of institutions established for the benefit of poor borrowers—those called *Loan-funds* or *Loan-societies*, which are quite distinct from the one just described. The possibility of establishing such funds was often considered in the Irish House of Parliament in the last century; but it was by private individuals that the thing was done. A musical society at Dublin gave all their profits for many years to found a capital for one

such fund; this was chartered as an incorporation in 1778, and for a long time it filled a sphere of usefulness, but its operations gradually declined and died out. Early in the present century, various English societies were founded in London to aid the Irish poor; some by introducing the straw-hat manufacture; some by aiding the fisheries; some by fostering agriculture; and some by the temporary lending of small sums of money. In all these cases, local committees in Ireland superintended the working of the system. One reason for the adoption of such measures was afforded by the ruinous rate at which any loans could be obtained in Ireland for the advancement of industrial pursuits; unless a cottier, a small farmer, or a small shopkeeper, could pay 'money down' for whatever he purchased, the interest charged was likely to be such as would absorb all his profits. In a report relating to one of the loan-funds, this matter was adverted to in the following terms: 'It was a common practice to supply meat at a price one-third above the market. Potatoes were also supplied during the cheap season; an engagement being entered into by the buyers to pay the summer price, whatever it might be. Nor was this all; for interest was charged on the promissory-notes at the rate of 6 per cent. Again, if a poor man required a cow or a horse, he applied to one of the money-lenders, who either purchased it for him, charging him one pound or more for the bargain, or counted down the money asked for by way of tender, and then abstracted one pound for 'compliment;' in either case putting the borrower to the cost of one shilling and sixpence for the promissory-note, and requiring him to pay 6 per cent. interest. In like manner, weavers were obliged either to take yarn from the dealers considerably above the market-price; or if, as was often done, they borrowed twenty shillings for one month, or between two markets, to purchase yarn for themselves, they were charged one shilling at least, and frequently more, for such accommodation.'

When the loan-funds or loan-societies, intended to lessen these evils, became rather numerous, irregularities in the management sprang up. The fund was in most cases formed by means of deposits made by persons possessing a little money, the money being lent at interest, and the depositors receiving the greater part of the interest thus accruing. This was the general scheme; but the necessity for some legislative control became apparent. Several acts of parliament were passed relating to this subject. That of 1836, empowered the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to appoint a Board of Commissioners, authorised to inspect all loan-societies. By the same statute, small loans to the poor were rendered repayable by instalments; the interest charged was not to exceed sixpence in the pound for twenty weeks; and any profits, beyond those actually needful to defray the cost of management, were to be devoted to some charity in the neighbourhood. The act of 1838 made obedience to the Board of Commissioners more imperative than before; with, however, a special exemption in favour of the Irish Reproductive Loan-fund Institution (already described), which was to be kept beyond the control of the Board. At length, in 1843, came the act which repealed all the former on the subject, and which established the Loan-fund Commission on the basis which it has ever since held. This Board controls all loan, pawn, and deposit offices in Ireland, with the one exception just adverted to. It has an office in Dublin. Any new loan-society may be established in Ireland, when sanctioned by the Board, but not before. The societies may borrow money on debentures, but at no greater interest than 5 per cent.; and this money may be lent to the poor, to be repaid by instalments. Pawn-societies may also be established, to lend money on pledges, at a rate of interest fixed by the Board. No loans on personal security are to exceed L.10. The rate of interest

charged was lowered from sixpence to fourpence in the pound for twenty weeks; but a certain portion of the funds may be lent out at a penny three-farthings per pound per month, whenever the repayment is stipulated to be after a longer interval. All *Monts de Piété* were to be regarded as pawn-societies, subject to the control of the Board. None of the societies, whether loan or pawn, were to hold their meetings at public-houses, for reasons easily understood.

From the report of the Loan-fund Commissioners for 1858, which now lies before us, we find that in 1840, there were 215 Loan-funds and *Monts de Piété* under the supervision of the Board; there are now about 110. In the fullest year, 1842, the societies circulated more than L.1,700,000, in nearly 800,000 separate loans; and after paying the interest on the capital raised, and a small sum for management, there remained a profit of L.19,000 applicable to charitable purposes. In the last year tabulated, when the societies in union were 111, the sum circulated was rather less than L.1,000,000; the loans were about 200,000 in number, and the surplus profits L.7000. In 1858, there were three counties in which a loss occurred; that is, the interest on debentures, expenses of management, bad debts, and loss on notes, exceeded by a small sum the total interest paid by the poor borrowers; but in the other counties, there was a small net profit. All the counties in Ireland had loan-funds, except Carlow, Kerry, and Louth. Tyrone had the largest number—eighteen. The money forming the capital stock of the several societies was advanced by about 2400 persons, chiefly shopkeepers and servants. It was difficult, in the early days of the system, to induce these persons to invest money in this way, on account of suspicions very deeply rooted; but the distrust partially wore off in subsequent years.

These, then, are Paddy's small borrowings; and the reader will see how considerably they differ in their nature and management from those of the Scotch and English.

FRENCH FLOWER-FARMS.

THERE is something calculated to charm even the duller imagination in the very name of a flower-farm, in the very idea of an agriculture limited to bright petals and odorous stamina, of crops of blushing buds, and harvests of perfumed blossoms. Such farms exist in Italy; in colder Germany even, where a favoured spot of sunny land seems suited to the purpose; nor is England quite without rose-farms and lavender-farms. But there are more flower-farms in Provence than in all the rest of Europe. The traveller from Cannes to Grasse, or from Grasse to Draguignan, passes through the centre of a district which it is no poetical exaggeration to call a land of flowers. Sheltered from rude breezes by a range of protecting hills, fully exposed to the southern sun, and in the centre of the most delicious part of sweet Provence, this strip of country seems indeed the *parterre* of Europe. Every breath of summer wind is laden with the fresh scent of myriads of flowers; every field is a garden; every proprietor is a flower-grower; the golden age seems to be realised there, and an Arcadia to exist more graceful and unreal than that of the poets. And yet it is not *all* Arcadia, even there. Spring and summer are anxious seasons. The owner of all these odorous treasures is often found a care-worn man, watching the sky and the weather-glass as anxiously as a sea-captain in uncertain weather, and groaning over the ravages of blight and insects among his acres of blossoms. These blossoms are destined to supply the great distilleries of Grasse, renowned throughout Europe. The word 'distillery' has a fiery alcoholic ring in it, which is a libel on the industry by which Grasse lives and thrives. Let me hasten to say that

the distillers of Grasse aim at pleasing the olfactory sense, not at scorching the palates or stupefying the intellects of mankind. Grasse distils nothing more hurtful than subtle essences and dainty perfumes. It is a beautiful sight, in good seasons, that floral harvest; the gathering in of those snowy mounds of white orange blossoms, with their perfumed breath and maiden purity; the gleaming of those purple violets, those clustering jasmynes, those honeyed tuberose. More productive and gorgeous still is the ocean of crimson roses, pink roses, white roses, of every size and variety, which are born to yield their choicest sweets to the cunning alchemy of flowers. All this beauty, industry, and prosperity originated in a very singular way, and owed its commencement to the constancy and attachment of a pair of lovers, and the prompt wit of a humble French peasant.

In the year 1800, these Provençal flower-farms did not exist; there were not then, as now, in the town of Grasse, a hundred stills, continually producing those delicate scents which are now sold at a high price in every city of the civilised world; French perfumes were distilled in Paris alone, from the produce of Italian gardens; while the more valuable kinds of essence were drawn from Italy, and chiefly from Florence, which had been renowned for its perfumes and its poisons during the learned sway of the Medici. At this time there dwelt in the village of Méry-les-Roches, three miles from Grasse, an old man of considerable wealth, doubtful repute, and imperious character, named Jean Baptiste Desormes. Old Desormes owed his doubtful repute, in part, but in part only, to the manner in which his fortune had been acquired. I am afraid we should be but little edified by a full account of his early career. His biographer simply mentions that he had been a lackey of the Maréchal de Mirepoix, and had been as useful in Paris as '*Scapin redouté*.' This newer impersonation of the illustrious Scapin had somehow managed to render great services to his employer, or to master enough of his employer's secrets to make him of consequence, for he was suddenly made *intendant* of the Mirepoix estates, in the neighbourhood of Grasse. Desormes was not much liked. There were ugly rumours about his early career. He was a severe taskmaster, and laid on the *corvées* and the *dîmes*, and the other taxes and local exactions which the seigneurs of pre-revolutionary France were wont to screw out of their tenants with unsparring hand. Yet, somehow, the steward was more popular than the landlord, for the latter was never seen, and the absent are proverbially made to bear the burden of sins they were never art or part in. If a peasant were flogged or imprisoned, if a poor woman's cow or a poor man's seed-corn were confiscated for some trifling offence or omission, it was always the fault of M. le Maréchal. The marshal was so severe—the marshal's orders were so precise, so unfeeling—the marshal had the heart of a flint! The artful intendant probably perceived the mutterings of the brewing storm, and was preparing himself a refuge when its fury should sweep over the land. So it came to pass that old Desormes, by dint of cunning hints, threw most of the blame of his acts on the seigneur, and acquired for himself a sort of consideration by painting M. de Mirepoix of demoniac blackness. Yet, somehow or other, grind and screw as Desormes might, very little of the golden stream wrung out of hard pinched toil flowed into the coffers of the lord. The maréchal sometimes had to borrow, at usurious interest, from Desormes himself, or from a Paris Jew, the gold pieces he staked at ombre or basset; and while the plundered villagers of Méry were cursing monseigneur, monseigneur was at the court, with empty pockets, swearing at the rascally intendant who fattened on him. Why was not Desormes dismissed? Ah! there the biographer loses his lucidity, and recurs to rumour and common fame. Rumour

declared that M. de Mirepoix was afraid of his steward, who held him in check by a secret. Common fame said that Desormes kept under lock and key some mysterious letters of M. le Maréchal, the disclosure of which to his majesty the king would have opened the gates of the Bastille, and given the governor of that interesting fortress another guest of rank.

The great storm burst, and the aristocracy of France had the alternative of death or exile. The old maréchal was dead; his widow, whose jointure was formed by the Provençal estates, emigrated, and sought safety in Germany. We all know by how summary a process the estates of the emigrants were sold—what good bargains were made at the time—how stately châteaux were purchased for a less amount than would have paid for the building of their very orangeries and offices—and how broad acres were offered for sale until the market was glutted. Among the buyers, of course, was Citizen Desormes, ex-intendant of the *aristocrate* Veuve Mirepoix, justly deprived of her lands for anticivism, and escaping from the guillotine to a crust and a garret at Vienna. It was said that Desormes bribed the *commissaires* of the new republic, and got the farms and woodlands for less than others were willing to give; but such scandals were common at that time, when fortunes were made or overturned in a day. At anyrate, Desormes turned republican, saved his neck, and with what he had amassed in his stewardship, bought half the Mirepoix estate.

In 1800, he was growing old and frail; but by this time the red fever had cooled down, the rule of Napoleon was looming in the future; and M. Desormes, no longer Citizen, was fawned upon as the richest man in the *arrondissement*. He had 30,000 livres of annual revenue, and, like a true provincial Frenchman, did not spend a third of his income. No wonder that his daughter, Marie Desormes, had suitors in plenty. Her inheritance was a glittering bait that magnetised the susceptible bachelors of the department. And yet Marie was pretty enough, and good enough, and sprightly enough to have been loved for her own sake. One, and only one, of her many admirers did love her for her own sake, Pierre Lescaut, a young farmer of the neighbourhood. They had played together as children: Pierre had gathered the daisies and scarlet poppies that Marie wove into crowns and ropes of flowers; Pierre had climbed the tree to shake down the walnuts into his little playmate's apron. But of all the pretenders to pretty Marie's hand, Pierre Lescaut, though at once the handsomest, the manliest, the best, was, alas! the poorest; and in a country where there is so intimate a connection between money-making and match-making, Plutus is generally lord of the ascendant. Everybody expected that old M. Desormes—a choleric, tyrannical old fellow in most relations of life, as are many whose early servitude has forced them into a supple obsequiousness foreign to their true natures—would compel Marie to accept the suite of old Colin Legrisson, who was lame, squinting, and sixty, but who had feathered his nest gloriously when the emigrants' lands were brought to the hammer, and louis were scarce in France. Colin Legrisson was the richest of Marie's admirers; Pierre Lescaut was the neediest. Could M. Desormes hesitate? Now, curiously enough, M. Desormes *did* hesitate. That unscrupulous, grasping man had one soft spot in his flinty heart: he really loved his daughter, and none the less, perhaps, because she was the only object on which those yearnings of affection, of which even the worst of us are capable, could expend themselves. Desormes had lost his wife years and years ago, when Marie was still an infant. He had no other child. He was always kind to his daughter—that is, he neither beat nor scolded her, to the wonder of the neighbours, for he was a hard master, and had become a severe landlord, as soon as the mob-law of early Jacobinism had sufficiently died out to render unpopu-

larity safe; and his voice, in speaking to Marie, was never the harsh, sarcastic voice which his debtors knew and trembled at. Accordingly, old Desormes shrank from compelling Marie's choice. He took good care to let her know that he would wish her acceptance of lame, squinting, old Colin Legrisson; but he did not absolutely command it. The maiden was not without sense and spirit; she detested Colin, and loved Pierre. To force her to give up the second, and marry the first, would be difficult, her father thought, but by no means impossible for his iron will; but it could only be effected by severity, by violence: Marie must be broken, not bent. And she might die, and he would be left alone—for young girls' hearts were curious things, and he had known them capable of even such *bêtises* as dying, when such cases had occurred—a childless old man in a world that hated him; and who, O who would inherit the gold he had sold his conscience for! All these things old Desormes brooded over, and the result was that he told Marie he hoped she would fancy old Legrisson, who had lands and beeves; but if not, why, he must trust some other *soupirant* with a snug fortune would be forthcoming. The ex-intendant had no dislike to Pierre Lescant; he admired the young man's courage, industry, and even his honesty, as people often admire qualities quite removed from their own. But Pierre Lescant's farm was a mere patch of land, and he picked up only a scanty living out of his little vineyard, and his score or two of olive-trees. 'Thou shalt never marry a beggar, my girl,' the ex-steward would say, striking his stick on the floor. 'If Pierre can shew twenty thousand crowns *tournois* on the wedding-day, good! I bestow my blessing, and, what is better, I double the money. But, marry a beggar! thou shalt coiffer St Catherine sooner than that!' Now, to *coiffer* St Catherine, in French parlance, is to die an old maid.

'Ah! Pierre,' said the poor girl with tears in her eyes, as the lovers walked up and down the garden of Pierre's farm, while the old servant, under whose chaperonage Marie had come, sat knitting in an arbour—'Ah! Pierre, why have you not twenty thousand crowns? Cannot you in any way get twenty thousand crowns?'

Pierre groaned, and struck his forehead. 'What chance have I, Marie?' he rejoined. 'Your father is firm as a rock, I know, and I can't blame him, for no one that is rich likes his child to wed with poverty. But what on earth can I do? These few poor acres, that vineyard, those olive-trees—I might sell them all, and not get a fifth of the money. Twenty thousand crowns! that sum does not grow on the hedges. Ah! but I wish it did.' And Pierre looked quite angrily at his pretty garden, full of blooming flowers of every hue, whose mingled fragrance floated towards him on the balmy air, and the very hedges of which, as is not unusual in the south, were composed of blush-roses. 'How I wish, for thy sake, my Marie, that I could coin these flowers into gold!'

Now, it often happens that a word hastily or lightly spoken suffices to give a colour and a direction to the entire thoughts of the speaker or the hearer, and perhaps to change his whole career and prospects. 'I wish that I could coin those flowers into gold!' Those words of his own haunted Pierre's ear through all the livelong afternoon; long after Marie had left him, long after the shades of evening had begun to embrown the forests, and the bees were coming back, heavy laden, to the hive, and the rooks were flapping home in sable line. Still Pierre mused and walked alone, with knitted brow and drooping head. What could he do? He loved Marie so dearly. He knew her parent would never go back from his word, never permit their union, unless he, Pierre, became a rich man. And how to become rich! He looked round at his scanty possessions with a sort of despair. The poor little vineyard, yielding its half-dozen casks of inferior wine; the

rushy pasture, where the four cows picked up a scanty living; the olive-trees, with their silvery leaves and gnarled roots: what could he conjure out of these beyond a subsistence for himself and his two day-labourers, and the old peasant woman who did the indoor work of the farmhouse? But the flowers! They were bright, and varied, and numerous; for the garden was very large, compared with the size of the property, and Pierre's father had been head-gardener at the Château de Mirepoix in his youth, and had stocked his own ground, no doubt, with many a slip and shoot of plants rare in France at that time. The garden was renowned for its beauty and fragrance for leagues around; and when a wedding took place, Pierre Lescant was always petitioned to furnish a bouquet for the bride from the treasure of living gems that flourished in his parterres. Pierre could not get the roses and geraniums out of his head; their perfume, their brilliancy, seemed to haunt him since his interview with Marie. That evening, as he sat alone amid his poor furniture of brown walnut wood, in his white-washed room, he revolved many vague ideas in his head, and sighed as common sense seemed to overturn all his card-castles one after another.

All his hopes, all his wild projects were gilded and sanctioned, as it were, by his love for Marie. He would never have longed for money, save as a means of winning her; yet, as he laid his head on the pillow, the words still rang in his ears, 'I wish that I could coin these flowers into gold.' And when, after much tossing and restlessness, the young man sank into sleep, he was flower-haunted still. In his dream, he saw himself surrounded by the choicest blossoms of his garden, but they looked brighter than before; the dew that spangled them glittered like diamond drops; the fragrance of their mingled breath entranced him, and closed him in like a sweet vapour; their hues were as brilliant as if every rose-leaf had been changed into a ruby, every lily into a pearl of the Orient. And, lo! wonder of wonders, the petals expanded, and forth from every blossom peeped a fairy—a fairy with waving wand, and starry wings, and jewelled diadem; and the entrancing strains of a tiny but exquisite music, the music of Elfland, floated in the scent-laden air. Then the fairies mocked and derided, with small peals of silvery laughter, the blindness of the mortal who would coin flowers into gold, and knew not how; and Pierre winced in his sleep at the laughter and elfin scorn. But the graver and kinder queen of the fairies waved her wand. 'He loves,' she said; 'he is no miser, seeking wealth for itself. Let us befriend him, for Marie's sake.' And then every flower opened still wider, and every fairy pointed downwards with her wand, and, behold! deep in each blossomed cup lay heaps of fairy gold piled up; and struggling up from tiny mines and shafts that led far into the dark earth, came endless crowds of little gnomes, bearing gold to add to the myriad heaps; and the fairies cried in their shrill voices: 'Thus may flowers be coined into gold!' Then the fragrant mist grew thicker and sweeter, till fairies, flowers, gold, and gnomes vanished away in it, and nothing was seen but mist. And Pierre awoke, with the scent of the blossoms overpowering him.

It was early morning—the sun was streaming on his face, the dew was drying away, the early perfumes of the rose-garden came through the open window of the room. Now, whether the dream suggested the recollection of long-forgotten remarks that his father had sometimes made, or whether the recollection of such remarks was the true origin of the dream, I do not pretend to say; at anyrate, Pierre, with an anxious but a hopeful face, trudged through the fields towards the town of Grasse. In Grasse there dwelt a withered old Italian druggist, druggist and herbalist, who had a mean bare shop, and picked up but a mean bare living by his traffic in simples and confections. He was a native of Florence, and had a reputation for

learning; but few customers were attracted by the stuffed alligator over the door, and the dusty shop and jars, and bottles, and the long lean figure of the maestro himself, and his suit of rusty black. In short, he was just such an apothecary as Romeo selected for the purveyor of the deadly draught, and to his half-empty shop did Pierre Lescaut, another luckless lover, repair, but not to ask for poison. Long was the consultation between the young Provençal farmer and the old druggist, and it ended in the latter's accompanying Pierre homewards, with a gleam of unusual excitement on his lean brown face.

The apothecary spent hours in Pierre Lescaut's garden, going from flower to flower, sniffing, ogling, and even tasting petal, and pollen, and stamen, gazing at the buds through a horn-mounted magnifying glass, and chuckling the while in a strange ghostly way. The neighbours, who had some suspicion that the gaunt stranger in sable was a wizard, stared and wondered. More heartily did they wonder, a little later, when Pierre was seen shifting his fences, and, day after day, enlarging his garden. Now he took in a slip of vineyard, now a corner of his fields; anon he went off to the forest with his men, to search for fine black mould; and next day he was busy grafting, sowing, cutting, and transplanting among his flower-beds. He was enlarging his already ample garden. That was odd enough; but when, instead of stocking the ground with pulse and potherbs, Pierre actually began to cultivate flowers with tender solicitude and skill on every spare inch of earth, the whole neighbourhood was up in arms. He was pelted with good advice. Let him grub up all those useless flower-stocks, and grow honest leeks and garlic, if he wished to be thought a man of sense. Pierre was firm. His friends said he was obstinate, foolish, mad; very likely bewitched by that lean Italian wizard from the town, who was now always to be seen coming up and whispering to Pierre, and who was after no good, doubtless. The neighbours were quite angry with Pierre; old and young predicted his ruin; old Desormes pronounced him an idiot. Marie alone encouraged her lover, shared his hopes, prayed for his success, and cheered him as only a faithful woman can cheer a struggling man. That was a good year for the olives, and a decent vintage, and Pierre managed to rub on, neither saving nor spending more than he could afford.

The short winter passed, spring and summer came on. The flowers were more glorious and plentiful than ever in Pierre's now very extended garden. The old Italian chuckled as he marked them. Then came a great gathering of blossoms, and Marie came to help in the picking of the flowers, and the old Italian rubbed his bony hands with exultation. Anon, his furnace was noted to be strangely active; he was perpetually at work, brewing, simmering, and distilling. The lean Italian was a man of skill: he succeeded in producing—thanks to the rare flowers in Pierre's garden—essences and perfumes equal to the daintiest Florence could afford. It was an era of ultra-nationality. Josephine, the then adored wife of the First Consul, was asked by a deputy of the South, a patron of the druggist's, to accept the dedication of the new discovery. Josephine consented. Paris followed suit. Giacomo Frantinelli and Pierre Lescaut sold their whole stock at a high rate. All the flowers in Pierre's garden would not, multiplied tenfold, have supplied the demand that sprang up with mushroom rapidity. Pierre threw all the land he had into the compass of his garden-fence; he bought more land; he reared more and more flowers. Another year, the profits quadrupled—quintupled. The fairies had spoken truth; flowers were indeed, by a delicate alchemy, transmuted into gold, and soon it was difficult, in the portly well-fed Italian, clad in glossy black, to recognise the rusty scarecrow of other days. And Pierre and Marie! their share of the joy

and success was the purest and the fullest. Before the end of the second summer, the bells rung, and the girls of the village strewed flowers in the path of Marie, as, garlanded with flowers herself, blushing, proud, radiant, she passed along on her husband's arm from the chapel to her home, a happy bride. Old Desormes had been won over; success, wit, strength of mind and will, the old ex-steward could appreciate at their full value; and although the prescribed sum of twenty thousand crowns was not yet realised, Pierre was on the highway of fortune. He had, in truth, founded a new industry, the most poetic, and not the least profitable in France. Around his garden there gradually sprung up other gardens; and flowers and seeds were bought in Italy, and other stills than those of old Giacomo dropped fragrant essences, and the odorous trade of Grasse extended daily. There was enough for all; and Pierre, who had set the example, was now the idol of the district, and the oracle of those who once prophesied his inevitable ruin and impoverishment. At the present day, though the flower-farms are many, the descendants of Marie Desormes and Pierre Lescaut are the most considerable proprietors in the arrondissement. It is not always, perhaps, that invention, industry, and resolution reap, in so fair a field, so solid a reward.

This story is taken partly from tradition, and partly from an old history of the department of which Grasse is the *chef-lieu*, and which I found, covered with dust, in an old public library of a French town. It illustrates a chapter of the past, little known, probably, even to the French themselves, and which I do not think has ever been alluded to in an English work. But it would repay any one who would diverge from the great road, in the months of May and June, to take a peep at the variegated glories of a Provence flower-farm.

THE SWANS OF WILTON.

O how the swans of Wilton

Twenty abreast did go!

Like country brides bound to the church,

Sails set, and all aglow,

With pouting breast, in pure white dressed,

Soft gliding in a row.

Where through the weeds' green fleeces,

The perch in brazen coat,

Like golden shuttles mermaids use,

Shot past my crimson float,

Where swinish carp were snorting loud

Around the anchored boat.

Adown the gentle river

The white swans bore in sail,

Their full soft feathers puffing out

Like canvas in a gale;

And all the kine and dappled deer

Stood watching in the vale.

The stately swans of Wilton

Strutted and puffed along,

Like canons in their full white gowns,

Late for the even-song,

When up the close, the peevish bell

In vain has chided long.

O how the swans of Wilton

Bore down the radiant stream!

As calm as holy hermits lives,

Or a play-tired infant's dream.

Like fairy beds of last year's snow,

Did those radiant creatures seem!

W. T.

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